

WHOLE NUMBER 7,769

Mr. E. A. Edes has been visiting in New Brunswick this week.

FROM WALL STREET
TO NEWGATE.

By AUSTIN EDWELL.

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CHAPTER II.

After a pleasant voyage the "Rosa" arrived, and one May morning I walked into the Northwater railway station in Liverpool to take the train for London.

Going to the station, I bought my ticket for Frankfurt—that old town I was destined to see so much of during the next few years. On my journey I would pass through Cologne, and from there the railway skirts the bank of the Rhine.

I traveled through Belgium and some parts of Germany by daylight, and was, as most Americans are who travel on the continent, shocked to see the employment of women. Some, after leaving Brussels I saw this, to me, novel sight of a number of women shovelling coal, handling the shovel like men. In other places I saw them laboring in the brickworks, digging and wheeling clay, and everywhere they were to be seen working at men's work in the fields.

A traveler in my compartment proved a most entertaining companion. He described himself to me as one who went about pottering over a lot of antiquities and fooling around generally.

But my friend, the pottering old antiquary, gave me something of a surprise. At Châlons all of our fellow travelers in the compartment left us. Two of them were valuable Frenchmen, and they kept it up with unending energy for the six hours from Brussels to Châlons. At every unusual saying of the car there was a volley of "Mon Dieu!" and one piercing exclamation, and it was certainly a relief when they left.

Belonging out a box of cigars and my companion producing a flask of wine, we soon became confidential. Presently, to my great amusement, my old antiquary, warned by the wine, confided to me that he was a detective police officer and chief of the secret service at Antwerp; that he was working on a famous case and had been shadowing one of the ladies who had journeyed with us from Brussels. Before leaving Brussels he had discovered his quarry was to quit the train, and as he had to go on to Mayence he had turned the business over to a confederate.

I was young, and no doubt he thought me innocent. Certainly he did not withhold his confidence. This is the case he was investigating:

There was a wealthy gentleman of the name of Van Tromp living in Antwerp, a widower, 70 years of age, the father of a growing family and many times a grandfather. It had been his custom to go to Baden-Baden every summer, spending money freely both in pleasure and in the famous gambling resorts there. The last time he had met a woman, the Countess Winzelsode, one of the many adventuresses to be found there, and speedily became infatuated. This Van Tromp was a descendant of old Admiral Van Tromp, who, in the mighty life and death struggle between Holland and Spain, and in the two wars with England, the first when Cromwell ruled, the second when the second Charles was on the throne, held up the fame and glory of Holland. In one case he swept the proud javier of Spain from the seas and carried the Dutch flag around the world. In the other he was only vanquished after stubborn sea fights lasting for days. This Van Tromp was the heir of the fame and the wealth of all the Van Tromps, and both had gone on accumulating for 300 years.

The self-styled countess knew all this, and, as the sequel shows, knew her man. She was 40, had been beautiful, was still comely, with good figure, fair hair, but with steel blue eyes. She spoke many languages and had dwelt in every land from Petersburg to Paris. It is needless to tell how they first met or of the intimacy that sprang up between them, but I will merely say in passing that within five days of their first meeting he had given her a magnificent diamond bracelet which had been in his family more than a century. This alarmed his two daughters, who were terrified at the mere suspicion that their father was in earnest and might possibly present them with a stepmother, and so, as far as possible, went, a magnificent animal, with pointed ears of a long life, so long that her rights of dower would make a cut in the Van Tromp estates and treasures which might well cause the old admiral to rouse himself from his three century sleep in Dordrecht church and once more walk those glistening of the moon in protest of the sacrilege.

Then the scandal of a countess adventuress becoming a Van Tromp—head of that family too! They know of the penchant of the countess and cared nothing for it until, with a feeling skin to horror, they observed at the dress ball one night the countess airing the historic bracelet. It would require a volume to relate the scenes that followed in the Van Tromp domicile on this paralyzing discovery, but prayers, tears and historic tomes were all met by the stolid reply of Van Tromp, "I please myself."

As a last resort the daughters appealed to the countess, offering all their ready cash and a pension if she would disappear. But visions of the Van Tromp diamonds and of the Van Tromp bank account were in her head, and she was deaf to every appeal. In fact, she despised the heavy matter of fact Dutch ladies and rather gloried to think that she would even be the female head of the Van Tromp house and stepmother to those two highly respectable dames, who would perhaps have to live in her shadow. But then of course the countess was a woman, and it is to be feared that even good women have to triumph over others. She of course could have no love for this party old gentleman of 70. But it is pitiful to think he was really infatuated. The poor old man, in spite of his unimpaired appearance, had worn a thread in his veins and plenty of romance in his heart. At last, in spite of gossip and opposition, they were married, and they instead of sailing down the Rhine, as the groom had hoped, to a life of wealth,

lived in one of his country houses at Dordrecht, Lady Van Tromp insisted on spending her honeymoon in Paris. There they went, and the very day of their arrival the bride resumed a life of a beggarly count, who, not being an actual criminal, yet was written black enough in the books of the Paris police and for whom the countess had as warm an admiration as one of her gold, calculating nature was capable of feeling.

Van Tromp speedily found his dream of bliss blown to the winds, but he was not so blind as not to see that his wife not only did not love him, but was false to him as well. Poor old Van Tromp felt he had made his bed and threw for happiness, and, hoping against hope, dreamed she in time would learn to appreciate his devotion and would love him, and so tried to persuade himself of her truth. The first anniversary of the marriage found him at Baden-Baden, and there the unhappy husband, thinking to give his wife a pleasant surprise, entered her chamber at an unusual hour, bearing a diamond necklace for a present, and found her in a position which could no longer leave any doubt as to her faithlessness. Seizing a chair, he fell her companion, who never stirred again, but the shock was too great for the husband, who himself fell to the floor and instantly expired, the doctors and of heart disease, and I think they were right. This event was only a few weeks old. The will had been read, and it was found that he had literally left everything to "my wife, Elizabeth."

Here my friend, the chief of police and a distant relative of Van Tromp, came to the front, determined quietly on his own account to investigate Lady Van Tromp. He found this last was at least her third venture on the stony sea of matrimony. He had a fancy that some one of her husbands might still be living and undiscovered. If this could be proved, then her marriage to Van Tromp was no marriage, and the millions, dollars and diamonds bequeathed by Van Tromp to "my wife, Elizabeth," would instantly melt into air—into very thin air, so far as the countess was concerned, provided, of course, they had not actually passed into her clutch. In fact, they were legally hers, for the will had been admitted to probate. These of the family objecting could offer no valid opposition, and she had been put in possession, but by a strange neglect on her part left everything intact, save a deposit of 800,000 gulden in the Bank of Amsterdam, which she secured and set out for Naples with a new lover.

The detective—whom I will call Amstel—discovered that she had first been married when only 15 years old to a young Swiss in Geneva, who soon left her and died in America. He had subsequently returned to Europe, but Amstel was unable to discover his whereabouts or if he was living. He suspected that the Swiss was not only alive, but in communication with the countess, and that she, in fact, might be his legal wife. He had followed the countess from Naples to Paris. There she left her lover and was now on her way to Nuremberg, as Amstel believed, to meet her first husband, but she had arranged to remain a few days with some old friends of hers. Every movement she made there would be watched, while Amstel, going on to Cologne to look up some old friends, intended to wait there until informed that she had departed, and when the train arrived at Cologne he proposed to enter it and follow my lady on, hoping to witness a meeting between her and the much hoped for husband. Happily we had arrived in Cologne at this point in the story, and as Amstel was to remain here we had to say goodbye, but for the whole 20 minutes of my stay we walked up and down the platform talking eagerly of the case. I had become much interested, so deeply that I had had leisure to carefully should have turned amateur detective and joined Amstel.

The train started, and promising to write me in New York the outcome of the case, we shook hands warmly and parted. He wrote me twice, and the following year I returned to Europe and met Amstel at Brussels. We had a very delightful time together, during which he told me the sequel of the Van Tromp episode. Instead of one, the countess had two husbands living, but the Van Tromps preferred to buy off the woman at a good round sum rather than have a public scandal.

Amstel interviewed the countess and gave her the choice between arrest and a full release of all claims on the Van Tromp property for the sum of 100,000 gulden. She made a hard fight, but at last gave in gracefully. But my chapter has grown too long already, and I will close it with the remark that I myself met the lady at Wiesbaden in 1871 and became acquainted with the brilliant adventuress. She will appear again in the sequel.

The last fact that I saw at the Cologne station was that of Amstel, lit up with smiles as he waved his hand in adieu. Sitting coily in the corner of the carriage, eager to see all that was to be seen, I found, as all tourists do, much to charm and delight. But my thoughts were on the bonds I had to sell, and I was glad enough when at 3 o'clock our train drew into the depot at Frankfurt. My reader will recall that payment upon all United States bonds payable to bearer, as mine were, could not be stopped, so far as the innocent holder was concerned he was perfectly secure. But the custom among bankers was, whenever any bonds were lost by theft or fraud, to send out circulars containing the numbers, asking that any parties offering them might be questioned and held. But as American bonds were sold in millions all over the continent, and were passing freely from hand to hand, as a matter of fact little or no attention was paid to such circulars; but, of course, had strangers of disreputable appearance offered bonds in large sums the lists might have been scrutinized and awkward questions asked. Therefore I felt a trifle nervous and determined to run no chance of losing my bonds, at least not all of them. So I resolved to go to Wiesbaden, some 15 miles away, stop at some hotel under a different name, leave the bonds there, and take the morning train for Frankfurt, cutting my negotiations and return to Wiesbaden every evening. It was at this time easy to lose one's identity in Wiesbaden, for the town then

was, along with Baden-Baden, the Monte Carlo of the continent, and adventures, men and women, from all over Europe flocked there in thousands to chance their fortune in the gambling halls. Although a little in advance of this portion of my history, I will here relate an adventure of mine there some years after the period of which I am speaking.

I will, however, preface my narrative with a brief account of the history of the place. The city of Wiesbaden, prior to the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, was the chief town of one of those petty principalities which were plentifully sprinkled over the face of Europe. Since the old Roman days the town had been famous for its hot springs, and consequently for its hot baths, and a good many people—during the winter particularly—resorted there to bathe and to drink the waters. As a matter of course, the townspeople, as the custom of such places is, have recorded many a marvelous cure, ranging all the way from headaches to hydrophobia. But still the town was of little importance save locally. The petty ruler, with a title longer than his income, lived in the princely castle, beguiling the time by smoking cheap cigars or ordering on banquet whose place of residence consisted of gobs of gobs and kartofoles, the unlucky bird being tribute in kind from the farmyard of some peasant subject living in a miserable hut on black bread.

But a change was impending. A mighty wizard had visited the place, with an eye quick to see the possibilities of the situation, with a brain to plan and a hand to execute. His name was Francois Blanc, the head of the great gambling establishment at Homburg. Vast as were his ambition and achievements, he was a man of the simplest tastes.

To see him—as I often have—in his seamy coat, his old fashioned spectacles on the tip of his nose, one would have taken him for a country advocate whose wildest dreams were of a practice of 2,000 thalers a year, with an old gig and a wheary man to haul him around the countryside from client to client. Before his Wiesbaden days he had been the guiding spirit in the direction of the splendid gambling halls, the Casino at Homburg. Blanc was imperious to flattery—a hard headed, silent man, a man without enthusiasm and without weakness, who kept a level table and who sparingly himself, who had a wine cellar rivaling that of the emperor of all the Russias and yet contented himself with sipping a harmless mineral water, who kept and directed a huge gambling machine—a mighty conglomerate of gorgeously decorated halls, wine parlors and tennis rooms, crammed day and night by giddy and excited throngs, but himself never indulging in anything more exciting than an after dinner game of dominoes or a quiet drive with his wife through the country lanes.

Thus this Francois Blanc with perfect equanimity watched the thousands of thousands of butterflies and moths of society scorch their wings in the terrific flames that glowed in his Casino, while he looked on a cynical observer, despising the fools enraptured with roulette and fascinated with rouge et noir.

But one thing he was not afraid of, and that was spending money. To compass his business ends he laid it out lavishly, and in the end he drew all Europe to Wiesbaden. Still broader and still deeper he laid the foundations of the fortune that ultimately grew to colossal proportions. But he did not make Wiesbaden famous without keen opposition. He made the fortune of the buggary Prince Karl and the whole hungry crowd of royal highnesses in spite of themselves. At every fresh opposition he simply opened his purse and a golden shower fell on them.

It required a hard head to withstand the attacks made on him when it became known that he had bought up both prince and municipality and proposed to make Wiesbaden par excellence the gambling city of the continent. But, despite of all, he pushed on his plans to wonderful success. A great park was laid out and stately buildings arose, all dedicated to the goddess of chance. Slim was the chance the rotaries of the game had in his gorgeous halls. He threw out his money in millions, but he knew the weak, foolish heart of man, the egotism of each and every one of us, that leads us to ignore for ourselves the immutable law of numbers. So he counted upon his returns, and never counted in vain.

As I say, he had a hard head to withstand the attacks made upon him. Every day the post brought hundreds of letters containing propositions or threats from people who had lost their money and demanded its return with fierce threats, pitiful supplications and warnings of intended suicide, place, date and hour carefully specified, so there could be no mistake, and more than one attempt was made upon his life. But the equanimity of Francois Blanc was equal to all adventures. Threats, prayers, temptations, left him untouched. This man of ice, self possessed, cold, indifferent to the ruin of the thousands of victims of his will, had a far and a fancy. It was for raising red and white roses, and while the mad throngs were fluttering in frenzy around the tables in his halls at Homburg, Wiesbaden and Monte Carlo he, too, was in hand, would be training and transplanting his roses, soliciting over an opening bud or deploring the ravages of an insect, or, again, refusing all invitations, he would sit down with his wife to a dinner of boiled turkeys and bacon, washed down with a glass of ruby water and milk.

This was the town and these the scenes constantly occurring there. Now for my adventure. In 1870, just before the Franco-German war, covering all that part of the world, I was stopping for a few weeks at the Hotel Nassau. It stands in the main street, opposite the park and leading to the Casino. All the world went to Wiesbaden to be amused. However fashionable frivolity and vice may be elsewhere, here it was strictly deigned, and to prevent to decency and sobriety would be to stamp one's self a lunatic and a bar, all universal in the glorious flower wreathed Princess Way of virtue. The daily practice for the thing began with a coffee in bed at 8 p. m., then dressing in a robe de chambre and the

atms in the underground floors of the hotel were sought and a bath had in the hot mineral waters which were conducted to all the hotels direct from the hot springs of the town. Half an hour in the bath, then a light breakfast, preparatory to strolling out for an hour on the Sparlgang around the quellen to drink the water, listen to the band, see and be seen, but, above all, to gossip and tell lies. At 11 a. m. the gambling began in the Casino, and with a rush the seats around the tables would be filled. Then speedily there would be rows behind rows of eager players or spectators, and what a sight it all was to the cool headed observer!

At the time of which I speak money were my idle days, in which I was free to seek pleasure. I used to find much enjoyment in frequenting the Casino to watch the people and to play the role of "looker on in Vienna," which, by the way, is a star role and therefore rather agreeable. One evening while watching the rousé of a lady I noticed a lady just in front of me, magnificently dressed in all save that there was an untold absence of jewelry. She was literally dressed to kill, and although now 50, yet to the casual observer she seemed no more than 40 or even less. She was a well preserved woman of the world and was known as the Countess de Winzelsode. This was the adventuress who had married Van Tromp some two years before. What a career had been that of this woman!

She had been mistress from first to last of a dozen men, noblemen, diplomats, soldiers, but being an inveterate gambler one after another saw, with dismay, the cash, estates, diamonds, carriages, costly furs and lace she showed upon her all go whirling into the over open maw of the Casino or in the drawing room games of the boudoir in Paris or Petersburg. One brave youth, an officer in the Prussian guards, had, in his infatuation for the countess, and impregnable, as he thought, against bankruptcy by reason of his great fortune, tried to satisfy her cravings for splendor of outwitting and her infatuation for gambling. The result was that one day the crack of a pistol shot was heard in the countess' chamber, and the servants rushing in found the young bankrupt dead, lying across the bed, with a bullet through the heart. The next day a herd of clamorous creditors besieged the house, where the countess calmly told them she had sent for her bankers and on the morrow they would be paid. That night his comrades buried their dead friend with military honors. At midnight the countess passed the hotel, and all eyes watched the lovely countess in white as she appeared, her beam leaving with emotion, while she waved a farewell to her dead lover. Ten minutes later she fled through the back door and over the garden wall, falling into the arms of another lover waiting there. He himself did not go the way of No. 4, but half of his fortune did, so one morning, leaving a pile of notes of farrow, he, taking for companion the dressing maid of his mistress, embarked for America.

At the time I met her the countess' reputation was too well known and her beauty too much fallen off for her to make any more grand catches. A local banker at Wiesbaden became very friendly. However, the friendship lost all its warmth when the banker's stout wife one day caught them together, and having already provided herself with a whip in anticipation visited them both with a jealous woman's rage and a sound thrashing.

Now the countess spent her time around the tables, following the winners and getting deacons from them. These were by no means small, most of them being gifts pure and simple, given from mere goodness of heart or sheer prodigality, for there were too many gay and beautiful women flocking around ready to smile on winners in the game for the countess now to make even a temporary conquest. However, at this period, she lived well—even extravagantly—but, of course, saved nothing. As related, I first met the countess here at the table where the game was going on. She had just staked and lost her last gulden. She was betting on the black, and four times in succession the red had won. She turned, and looking in my face I inspired me to bet a double Frederick on the red. I instantly placed the money on the red and won. She begged me to transfer the stake to the black. I did so and black won. Placing her hand on the stake, she said, "Sir, leave it; black will win again." "Sure enough, it did. She seized the cash, \$50, and handing me a double Frederick said in her most bewitching manner, "Oh, sir, be generous and let me keep this!" I said, "Certainly, madam." She promptly staked it, and in two turns of the cards it was gone.

We met several times the next few days, but merely bowed without speaking.

One afternoon, entering the Musik Saal, I took a small table, and ordering a bottle of wine sat down to listen to the music and watch the throng. The countess came in, and seeing me alone came straight to me, shook hands warmly and sat down. I, of course, invited (Continued on third page.)

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The Trick by Which the Serpents Are Managed Without Danger.

Snake dealers in South America have a fine contempt for their serpents and venomous wasps, though it is sometimes difficult to induce slily captives to carry them as freight. The snake dealers handle the box constrictor with great deftness. This serpent bites, but his bite is not venomous, so that the chief danger to the handler is from the serpent's enormously powerful muscles. The dealers have learned that the box, to be really dangerous, must have a fulcrum in the shape of something around which he may coil his tail.

The box is, in fact, a lever in which the ordinary arrangement is power, weight, fulcrum. Knowing this, the dealers drop a soft log over his head, and he may neither see nor life, and then match him so suddenly from his resting place that he has no opportunity to brace himself by seizing a fixed object with his tail. After that the essential thing is to see that he is not brought within distance of any such object.

A snake dealer on a Brazilian steamer the other day was occupied in transferring his boxes from one box to another. He opened the box an instant, drop-

ped a hat over the head of one of the crewmen, snatched it from his fellows, and rushing across the deck dropped it into the other box. The thing looked so easy that a deck hand, waiting until the snake owner's back was turned, essayed to repeat the act. He neglected to use the hat, and with a yell yanked a great snake from the box with his fangs fixed in his fingers. Not daring to let go, yet fearing to hold on, he began whirling the snake about his head, meanwhile dodging nimbly over the deck. The snake man managed to capture the reptile and box it in security. Then somebody expressed concern for the rash deck hand, to which the snake owner answered: "What, him? He's all right. But think of my snake! It's worth 20 of that mug!"—New York Sun.

A Chinese Custom.
A quaint custom practiced by Chinese mothers when a child is restless and does not sleep is to write the following verse and pin a copy of it on each of the four corners of the house that the passer-by may read and the child find rest. Literally translated the verse reads:
Brilliant sparkling heaven,
Brilliant sparkling earth.
In my house there is a child who cries at night.
The gentlemen coming from the four quarters behold!

Practical shrew (H) break of day.

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Week days, 10:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Sun-
 days, 10:00 A. M. and 8:00 P. M. Leave
 Providence for Newport, week days, 8:00 A. M.
 and 6:00 P. M. Sundays at 8:00 A. M. and 6:00 P. M.
 PHOENIX and CONANT.
 Ticket Agent, M. boat from Newport and
 Providence for Providence, week days, 8:00 A. M.
 and 6:00 P. M. Sundays at 8:00 A. M. and 6:00 P. M.
 EXCURSION TICKETS.
 All tickets must be delivered at least thirty
 minutes before boat leaves to insure ship-
 ment.
 A. LIVINGSTON MASON,
 General Manager.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

189 THAMES STREET,
 Agent for Rogers, Peet & Co's
 Clothing.

JOHN ALDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR
 17 Mill Street,
 ONE DOOR ABOVE THAMES STREET
 Ladies' Cloaks, Ulsters and Walking Coats
 Made to Order.
 A NEW LINE OF
 Seasonable Goods
 JUST RECEIVED.

Special Bargains!

For the next 30 days we offer our entire
 line of
 Fall and Winter Woolsens

McLennan Brothers,

184 Thames Street,
 MERCURY BUILDING.

A Newport Leader!

It combines style, fit, wear and quality, and
 is one buy for 80.
 To see this show to buy it. To buy it is to
 like it. To like it is to make friends and cus-
 tomers.
 The best bargain in the State.
 We know it, don't want you to know it.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.,

214 THAMES STREET,
 NEWPORT
 STONE WORKS.
 H. G. BURNS, Prop'r.

GRANITE WORK

Not every description, including all kinds of
 BUILDING & MONUMENTAL
 WORK.
 A good stock of BLUE STONE constantly on
 hand.
 42 Long Wharf, foot Whitfield Ave
 NEWPORT, R. I.

PROV. BLANK BOOK MANF'Y

BEAR OF POST OFFICE.
 37 CUMSTON, HOUSE ST., PROVIDENCE

SANTAL-MIDY

These fine Capsules are superior
 to Balsam of Capivi,
 Cathechu or Injections and
 CURE IN 48 HOURS
 the same diseases without
 inconvenience.
 Sold by all druggists.

POISONOUS GERMS

like these shown
 here are found in
 the expectation of
 consumptives.
 They are minute,
 living organisms,
 which have just
 begun to grow and
 feed upon the
 lungs. They multiply with amazing
 rapidity in the tissues and air passages
 where they find warmth and moisture.
 These parasites are the direct cause of
 Consumption. To cure the disease,
 these germs must be destroyed.

Ozomulsion

It contains Ozone and Guar-
 anteed, which are certain death to germ
 life. It also contains the purest Nor-
 wegian Cod Liver Oil. This supplies
 the required nutriment. The Ozone is
 stimulated by the Guar and the Ozone
 navigates the system. It is a
 liquid. It makes the system well
 keeps the well from getting sick. It is
 THE KIDNEY CURE. It is a
 for Colds, Coughs, Consumption,
 Rheumatism, Asthma, and all Pul-
 monary Complaints. It is a
 general Delicacy. Loss of Health, Ana-
 mia, and all Wasting Diseases.

The Bicycle

of today, in proportion to its
 weight, carries a greater load
 than has been put on any ve-
 hicle. In the making of the
 COLUMBUS WHEELS
 so time or expense is spared
 to keep them in the very front
 rank of durable, reliable and
 speedy machines. The
 Columbus Bicycles
 are safe, light, strong, com-
 fortable, graceful, and scien-
 tifically and mechanically per-
 fect. If you want the best
 is a COLUMBUS.

DENHAM'S,

THE JEWELER, 208 THAMES STREET.

Clothing.

In addition to my large assortment
 of—
 SPRING and SUMMER
 CLOTHING,
 HATS and FURNISHING
 GOODS,
 I have added
 SWEET, ORR & CO'S
 OVERALLS and TROUSERS
 that are warranted not to Rip.

JAMES P. TAYLOR'S,

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 are safe, light, strong, com-
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 tifically and mechanically per-
 fect. If you want the best
 is a COLUMBUS.

DENHAM'S,

THE JEWELER, 208 THAMES STREET.

Wool Apparatus.

The more effectual removal of im-
 purities from wool is, it is claimed, made
 practically by means of a recent inven-
 tion by M. Delarue of Roubaix, France.
 According to this, the wool is fed by
 feed rollers in between a pair of cylin-
 der brushes, and from them it is re-
 moved by a rapidly revolving comb, in
 contact with which there is a more rap-
 idly revolving cylindrical brush with a
 tapered casing, having an opening
 through which part of the periphery of
 the comb projects so as to meet the
 brush. Now, by the current of air caused
 by the rapid revolution of the brush,
 the wool is stripped by it off the comb
 is projected toward the small end of the
 casing, where it is caught by a pair of
 hollow wire gauze cylinders, and by
 these delivered to a pair of feed rollers,
 to be again subjected to the action of
 a cylindrical comb and brush. Under the
 operation of this arrangement the wool
 gauze cylinders, feed rollers and combs
 and the brushes and their casings are
 repeated eight or ten times in the ma-
 chine with due regularity, the wool
 passing in succession through them all
 and is relieved, of course, of its various
 impurities.—New York Sun.

Know the True Norwegian Flavor.

My daughter, who plays a great deal,
 has devoted most of her time to the Ger-
 man composer. I suggested that she try
 something by a Norwegian composer by
 way of variety. She got Grieg's "Wed-
 ding March." Our two housemaids are
 of Norwegian extraction, but were both
 born and raised in this country. Pres-
 umably neither of them had ever heard
 this air or knew anything about the
 man who composed it. Neither had ever
 made any remarks about my daughter's
 playing and showed no special interest
 in it, but the other morning the second
 girl said to my daughter, "Ida, I like
 that piece you played last night." She
 was asked to what piece she referred and
 replied, "That new one." My daughter
 began to play the Norwegian wedding
 march, and she said: "That's the one."
 Ida thinks that is the prettiest thing she
 ever heard you play." Chopin, Beeth-
 oven, Mozart and all the rest had ap-
 parently all gone clear over Ida's head,
 but the moment she heard a composition
 containing the true Norwegian flavor
 she recognized it instinctively.—Chica-
 go Tribune.

Pure Philanthropy.

"It is a mystery to me," observed
 Mr. Speedway, "why a lot of fools will
 break their necks running to a fire, two
 miles away."
 Boy—First Floor Figure!
 Mr. Speedway—Why—wh—wh—
 where is it, boy? Quick! Where is it?
 (Miles.)
 Mrs. Speedway—Oh, John, you're not
 going to run to that—
 (John vanishes in distance. Two
 hours later he returns, blowing like a
 porcupine.)
 Mrs. Speedway—What in the world
 did you mean by running after the en-
 gines, you old fool?
 Mr. Speedway—You (howl) know
 how it (pulls) is. There's always a
 (howl) lot of fools at a fire—
 Mrs. Speedway—No doubt of it.
 "And (who?) if some level headed
 man wasn't there to advise them there'd
 be some of 'em killed! See?"—Cleve-
 land Plain Dealer.

Carrying Out Huxley's Order.

Professor Huxley used to tell excellent
 stories. One of the best, I remember,
 which he afterward put, I think, into a
 letter to The Times, referred to the
 meeting of the British association at
 Belfast many years ago. Having been
 up very late the previous night, Huxley
 was behind time for breakfast, so hall-
 ing an outside car he said to the driver
 as he jumped on, "Now drive fast; I
 am in a hurry." Whereupon he whip-
 pered up his horse and set off at a hard
 gallop. Nearly jerked off his seat, Hux-
 ley shouted, "My good friend, do you
 know where I want to go?" "No, your
 honor," said the driver, "but any way
 I am driving fast." Huxley used to say
 he had never forgotten that object lesson
 in the dangers of ill regulated enthusi-
 asm.—Westminster Budget.

The Life of Steel Rails.

Steel rails are assumed by the engi-
 neer who examined the Atchison system
 recently to have a life on heavy traffic
 lines of 15 years and on light traffic
 lines of 25 years, an average life of
 about 20 years. The New York Cen-
 tral reports the average life of its rails
 at 12 to 20 years. Of rails weighing 70
 pounds to the yard, 110 tons are required
 for each mile of road; hence at least one-
 twentieth of this amount, or 5.5 tons,
 must on the average be renewed each
 year. Most new roads may indeed be
 safely operated for a long time with
 small expenditure on account of rails,
 but then the renewals come all the
 heavier later on.

Food For Reflection.

Tramp—Madam, I have had nothing
 to eat in four days and would thank you
 heartily for anything in the line of
 nourishment.
 Madam—I would be glad to supply
 your need, good sir, but I have just read
 there is bacilli in everything we eat,
 and humanity revolts against giving
 you anything that might endanger your
 salubrity.
 Tramp—Thanks, madam, sincerest
 thanks! You have at least given me
 food for reflection.—New York Herald.

The Fire Cure.

The native doctors of India practice a
 peculiar system known as "firing."
 Afflicted persons, no odds what the dis-
 ease may be, are immediately upon the
 arrival of the family physician, subject-
 ed to the tortures of the fire. At the be-
 ginning of the present century it was
 used chiefly for aches and pains, but at
 present it is said that it threatens to be-
 come the universal remedy for all afflic-
 tions. A late report by a medical au-
 thority declares that there is not one to
 the thousand of total population in
 Bombay and the larger cities generally
 who does not bear trace of the applica-
 tion of the "fire cure" in the shape of
 hideous scars on head, back, stomach,
 feet or limbs.—St. Louis Republic.

Proof Positive.

"Wilkes has returned to Brooklyn."
 "What makes you think so?"
 "He is signing his letters 'Yours
 Truly.'"
 "—Comic Weekly

Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

FROM WALL STREET TO NEWGATE

(Continued from second page.)
 our to have a glass of wine. We soon
 finished that bottle and ordered another.
 We had what was to me a most amus-
 ing talk. She was a character—had been
 everywhere and spoke all the modern
 languages. She assured me that I was a
 very charming man. In paying my bill
 I incautiously displayed a gold piece or
 two, and, seeing she was going to ask
 me to give her one, I saved her the trou-
 ble by placing one in her hand. In time
 we became quite good friends. Twice I paid her board bill in order to
 rescue her wardrobe from the clutches
 of her landlord, and once I saved her
 from the hands of an irate washerwoman.
 When, after a time, I left Wiesba-
 den, I left her as gay, as prosperous and
 as extravagant as ever.
 I did not see Wiesbaden again for
 over two years, but the second week of
 January, 1873, found me there. The
 Prussian government had renewed the lease
 of M. Blanc. It had expired 11 days be-
 fore my arrival. What a change had
 fallen on the town! The Casino was
 gloomy and cold; the gay crowds had
 fled. All the life and movement of the
 street and promenade was forever a
 thing of the past. I had located there
 simply as a precaution, disposing of
 large amounts of lands in Frankfurt, 16
 miles away, and returning to Wiesba-
 den each night. At this time I put up
 at the Hotel Victoria, near the railroad
 station. One Saturday, going up to
 Frankfurt rather late, my business do-
 tained me until after dark. On reach-
 ing the station I happened to look into
 the third class waiting room, and there
 I spied a figure alone that looked famil-
 iar. I soon recognized the countess.
 From her appearance and surround-
 ings she was plain that there was now no
 wealthy lover at her beck and call. Be-
 cause she looked so unhappy I gave her
 a cordial greeting, which she returned
 warmly. It was very cold, and I
 was clad in furs from head to foot; be-

I, of course, invited her to have a glass of

side, I was apparently on the full flood
 tide of fortune, having with me then a
 very large sum of money, some of which
 she could have had for the asking.
 I said, "Come, countess, let us go to
 gether first class to Wiesbaden." She
 replied that she lived at Biberich, a
 small town on the Rhine, four miles be-
 low Mayence, and four miles from Wies-
 baden. As the train was starting I bade
 her goodbye, but asked permission to call
 on her the next day, she giving her ad-
 dress as Hotel Bellevue.
 The next morning was very cold, but
 I enjoyed that, so, after a light break-
 fast, I started over the hills for a walk
 to the town, arriving there soon after
 noon. I found the hotel a fifth rate one,
 and, entering, was shown to the room
 of the countess. What a change for her
 from the past! Her room was a small
 one, plastered, but unpapered, and with
 a few articles of furniture of the cheap-
 est. The poor woman was too evidently
 in a state of frightful depression, and
 well she might be.
 Here had been a butterfly existence,
 life all one summer holiday, no hos-
 tages given to fortune, no bond taken
 against future wreck or change. Like
 the butterfly, she had roamed from flower
 to flower, sipping the sweet only, or
 like the cricket, had merrily piped all
 the summer through, thinking sunshine
 and bloom eternal. Even when youth
 and beauty had fled and lovers no longer
 stood ready to attend and serve she
 still found a good afternoth in her hap-
 py harvest field on the floors of the Ca-
 sino, but when the Casino lights at
 Wiesbaden went out then for the
 countess had the winter indeed come.

My walk had given me something of

an appetite, and it now being 2 o'clock
 I at once proposed to have dinner. To
 my surprise she said she had already
 dined, and upon my remarking that it
 was early for dinner she replied that it
 was, but as she was owing quite a hotel
 bill she feared to give any trouble lest
 the landlord might present his bill, and
 in default of payment she was liable to
 arrest and a very considerable impris-
 onment. I need hardly tell my readers
 that they do these things differently in
 Germany than with us. I could easily
 afford to be generous with other people's
 money and did not mean to see the
 countess suffer for a hotel bill. Ringing
 the bell, I told the waiter to bring me
 some dinner and a bottle of wine. The
 countess looked very uneasy over my
 order. Of late years she had seen life
 from the seamy side and had observed
 so much of the falseness and cruelty of
 men that she had apparently lost all
 faith in them, and no doubt thought me
 an adventurer, one who might possibly
 dine and order expensive wines, leaving
 her to face an angry landlord. While
 dinner was being prepared she told me
 she was in the greatest distress, had not
 even a single kreutzer to pay postage,
 and, worst of all, was owing for two
 weeks' board. She had no means to dy,
 no place to fly to, and if she remained
 incarceration awaited her.
 She had for weeks been writing ev-
 erywhere to every one she had known,
 former lovers, distant but long neglect-
 ed relatives. The result—had she no
 response from anywhere. She at last
 was alone, caught in the world's gear
 and with no friendly hand to pull
 her or to save. It was a sight to send
 all the angels to weep. She was now
 all the while the woe of her life, and
 might have been the woe of many
 of despair. It is a picture and a scene
 appeared to me the sadder, it was for
 one, but who knows for two were
 brought into being. They were in

Do not pay

the price of B. L.
 for ordinary
 tobacco, as

B. L.

Tobacco
 goes more than
 twice as far as
 any other kind.

Wholly anxious to please "your high-

ness," as they christened me.
 The countess sat looking gloomily out
 of the window across the Rhine, while
 I watched her face until an infinity of
 pity for the shipwrecked soul filled my mind.
 Dismissing the waiter, I went to the
 window, and, standing by her chair, I
 said, "Don't worry any more, countess;
 I will pay your bill." At the same
 time, drawing from an inner pocket a
 book crammed with notes, I placed seven
 100 dollar notes in her lap, saying,
 "This one is for your board bill, and the
 other six are for your pocket money." I
 need not attempt to picture her amaze-
 ment and delight. Certainly no woman
 was ever more grateful. We had a long
 conversation, and I was talking to her
 like a brother. Perhaps had she still
 been beautiful and young, my manner
 and language might have been less
 brotherly. I told her she had danced and
 sung, but at last the time had come for
 rest, and suggested she should go to
 Brussels, which is over thronged with
 tourists, where her knowledge of lan-
 guages and her savoir faire could be
 made available in one of the many shops
 where gimcracks are sold to travelers.
 I advised her to offer a small premium for
 a position. This she said she would do.
 In saying goodbye I promised to see
 her again the next night, but I found a
 telegram awaiting me on my arrival at
 my hotel which called me to meet two
 of my companions at Calais, and I was
 forced to leave by an early train. The
 next time I saw the countess was in
 Newgate. She visited me there and
 was in perfect despair over my position
 and her inability to serve me. For those
 who may care to know more of her I
 will say that, following my advice, she
 went to Brussels and obtained a posi-
 tion in a tourist exchange and within a
 year married the proprietor, who was a
 connoisseur and a man of considerable
 local importance. She made him a good
 wife and became a true mother to his
 five daughters. When he died he made
 her guardian both of them and of his
 wealth. She became very religious and
 to the last was a devout member of the
 Roman church. She died in 1882, 13
 years after the episode at Biberich. Her
 ashes rest in the little graveyard of the
 Couvent des Sœurs de Ste. Agnes, on
 the Charleroi road, two miles from the
 city, and on her monument is engraved:

TO ELIZABETH,

The Beloved Wife, Mother and Friend,
 Beloved God and His Grace to Live With
 the Angels.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Gentle Illad
 Mr. Stayer—Miss Perky, they say
 light travels at the rate of 128,800
 miles per second.
 Miss Perky—Goodness gracious!
 Aren't you afraid it will overtake you
 before you get home?—Brooklyn Eagle.

About 50 per cent of clerks and skill-

ed laborers own less than \$1,000 worth
 of property, while the other half are re-
 ported as having only from \$1,000 to
 \$10,000.

The first buckwheat state in New

York, with 250,022 acres and 4,953,765
 bushels of product.

What She Said.

Marie—Did you tell your friend, Miss
 Van Pelt, of our engagement?
 Osborne—Yes.
 Marie—What did she say?
 Osborne—Oh, she said I had her
 sympathy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Time marks the title page of our lives,

death the title, and the grave becomes
 the binding.

"It Saves Her

Much Scrubbing"

—I have used

Ivorine

WASHING POWDER

A choice
 cake of Olive
 Oil Soap will be
 found in every
 age of Washing
 Powder.

1895 J. B. WILSON & CO., New York, N. Y.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY, FOR THE WEEK ENDING AUGUST 31, 1895.

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Neuralgia
ATTACKS THE EYES
 Makes
THE LIGHT
 Unbearable.
 —
PERMANENTLY CURED
 BY CHENU
Ayer's Pills

(My husband was not much to spare)

great pain and suffering. The pains were principally about his eyes, and he often had to remain in a darkened room, not being able to stand the light. Ayer's Pills were recommended, he tried them, missing one before each meal. They very soon afforded relief, followed by permanent cure. I am a strong believer in the efficacy of Ayer's Pills, and would not do without them for ten times their worth. Mrs. M. G. Rogers, Hingham, Mass.

Received Highest Awards
AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The best briar root from which pipe stems are made comes from the borders of Italy and France. In the mountain districts of these countries roots are dug out that have grown for ages, and are sometimes larger than a man's body, weighing hundreds of pounds.

He—"There's the new moon—look it over your left shoulder." She—"Can't." He—"Why?" And she points minutely to her balloon sleeves.—[Chicago Record.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT.
All the world there's but one cure,
Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.
It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. It effects a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge.

for circular and full particulars, address
confidence, GOLDEN SPECTRO CO., 125 E.
Street, Cincinnati, O. 52-

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,
Bored, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chil-
blains, and all Skin Eruptions, and
cures Piles or no pay required. It is
guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money
refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale

Use **HUGLEY'S COCOA** for Breakfast and
for pure and healthful, and their **PA
COCONUTS** for drinking and cooking, c
daddies, creams, etc.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. WINDLOW'S SPOONING STICK has
been used by millions of mothers for their child
while teething. If disturbed at night
wakened of your rest by a sick child
and crying with pain of cutting teeth

ly. Depend upon it; moreover, there is no
take about it: 1. cures flatulency, regu-
lates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind
softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation
gives tone and energy to the whole sys-
tem. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for
children is pleasant to the taste
the prescription of one of the oldest and
female physicians and names to the 1
states. Price twenty-five cents a bottle
by all druggists throughout the world
and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's
Soothing Syrup."

S. H. Clifford, New Canaan, Wm., was led with Nourigals and Rheumatism. His neck was twisted, his liver was affected in a burning degree, appetite fast away, he was terribly reduced in flesh and blood. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured.

Edward Shephard, Harrington, Ill., suffering sore on his leg of eight years standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica and his leg is sound and well. John S. Canavia, D., had the large Fever swell leg, doctor's salve was unavailing. On

The Pulpit and the Stage.
 Rev. F. M. Street, Pastor United Reformed Church, Elmwood, Ind., writes: "I have day to tell what wonders Dr. King's Discovery has done for me. My lungs badly diseased, and my paralytic legs could move only a few inches. I took bottles of Dr. King's Discovery a pound and well, gaining 25 lbs. in weight."
 Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Combination, writes: "After a thorough

Count Up
number of times you have to rub
to get it clean; multiply

Then you can see just how
back-breaking rubs Pearl-
ine will save you, annually. You
don't do the washing yourself.
That doesn't make any differ-
ence. You need Pearl-
ine just the same. Every one

washed. They suffer, even
millions of packages of Pea
Think of the number of u
at have been saved to t

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TIVERTON.

Last Friday afternoon Gideon H. Duffee, the second oldest man in Tiverton, died. He had been in failing health for several months. Mr. Duffee was a well known and highly respected citizen. At one period of his life he was elected a member of the General Assembly by the Democratic party.

Capt. George Gray died at his residence on Pleasant Neck, Tiverton, Thursday noon, after months of severe suffering. His funeral took place Saturday afternoon from the Congregational Church, Tiverton Four Corners, Rev. James C. Roberts conducting the service. The interment was in Hillside Cemetery, Westerly. John G. Cory, James A. Mansfield, Samuel E. Almy, and Capt. Philip G. Mansfield were the pallbearers. Capt. Gray was the second son of the late Robert and Abigail Gray, and one of a family of nine children. He was born in October, 1821, and at the age of 18 he made his first whaling voyage. He made eight or ten voyages, sailing once from Bristol and from Westport once. The other voyages were from New Bedford. He was captain of the bark *Maria*, Arctic and Rainbow. He served three years as a member of the town council, and at one time was a member of the Board of Assessors, and was always keenly alive to the interests and well-being of his native town. He married Ruth, daughter of the late Deacon Orlan Gray. He leaves two children, Charles R. Gray, now on a whaling voyage, and Elizabeth G., wife of Gilbert Jones of Bristol.

The big clam bake was held Wednesday in the grove adjoining the Stone Church, there was the usual large attendance, 500 dinner tickets were sold, 155 gallons of ice cream consumed.

The sixth annual illumination of that part of Tiverton known as Stone Bridge occurred Wednesday evening. The crowds who witnessed the illumination seemed larger than the previous years. Some of the houses were a blaze of glory, to wit those of George A. Chase, Dr. P. Franklin, Jeremiah Brown, Dr. E. P. Simpson, while other summer cottages which have usually carried off the honor were ap-

parately deserted. Every available horse and carriage was there besides two barge from Fall River, and the steamers *Queen City* and *Kling Philip* were heavily laden with passengers.

A family clam bake on the premises of Samuel W. Hathaway to which a number of neighbors and their friends were invited Thursday, was made the occasion of spending a very pleasant afternoon.

Mrs. Nathaniel Church has been invited to serve as patroness of the 76th annual Rhode Island State Fair.

LITTLE COMPTON.
Mrs. Philip H. Withour has been invited to serve as patroness of the 76th annual Rhode Island State Fair.

JAMESTOWN.
A large number of visitors left Wednesday night for their homes, and as the boats sailed away from their wharves a large amount of red fire and fireworks was set off.

The Anthony Brothers, with a number of carpenters, have gone to Portsmouth to build a cottage for Mr. Daniel Almy.

Mr. Jesse Tefft, while eating peaches a few days since, accidentally swallowed a part of a peach at which lodged in his throat and remained there for a day before the physicians could remove it. It was finally removed without a surgical operation and Mr. Tefft's throat is as comfortable as could be expected under the circumstances.

Every season complaints are heard from bathers of the danger of the eel grass and many people have been in more or less danger from becoming entangled in it. Sunday afternoon Samuel Wyman and Elroy Crane, both clerks for Chase, Mansey & Co., at this place, went for a swim at the regular bathing place. After swimming from shore to a yacht lying quite a distance from shore they started to return. Feeling somewhat exhausted from their long swim they made for the shore in the most direct course. This brought them among a thick growth of eel grass, in which both became entangled. Being already exhausted they were unable to ex-

tricate themselves, and finding they were in danger of drowning called loudly for assistance. Their cries soon collected a large crowd from the hotels. But for the prompt action of Messrs. Wm. C. Crowell and Wm. Watson in going to their assistance in a catboat and Capt. Chapman in his naphtha launch, both would undoubtedly have been drowned.

At the August meeting of the town council the following bills were approved and ordered paid. N. S. Little, \$45; Standard Oil Company, \$31.31; Alfred H. Cory, \$10.60; Augusta Johnson, \$10.41; James Holt, \$10.40; John A. Saunders, \$0. The following bills were referred to the next meeting: P. J. Murphy, \$44; Swinburne, Peckham & Co., \$22.07; Jamestown Light and Water Company, \$0.00; the same, \$13.30. A petition from the Comanent Yacht Club was received and referred to the next meeting.

PORTSMOUTH.
The fall term of the public schools commences next Tuesday, Sept. 3, Monday being Labor Day. In the Morris district Mrs. Joseph G. Donnell succeeds Miss Conolly who takes the Wyant school in Middletown.

St. Mary's Church was nearly filled by people, on Wednesday evening to listen to an excellent organ recital by Mr. Victor Williams of Providence, and to two solo finely sung by Miss Harry Patterson, a boy chorister of St. James Church, Boston Highlands.

On Thursday about forty people from the island attended Mrs. Grinnell's clam bake at Tiverton and report an excellent dinner as usual.

Messrs. Leo, Fred and George Anthony, of Jamestown, have commenced building a house for Mr. Daniel H. Almy.

Those who attended the lawn party given by St. Mary's Guild on Tuesday evening, had a chance to partake of a very nice supper.

Miss Mary Chase of this town, is to teach the Oliphant School in Middletown, lately taught by Miss Hazard.

The fourth annual lawn party of St. Mary's Guild connected with St. Mary's Episcopal church of South Portsmouth was held on the paragon grounds Tuesday evening and was attended by a large number of people. Supper was served under a large tent near the paragon. The tables were decorated with white flowers, and the service of the waiters was excellent. Ice cream was on sale in a small tent near the large one. Several tables were on the grounds where the handiwork of the ladies could be purchased. Dancing in the paragon was indulged in by those who wished, the music being furnished by Frank T. Peckham, cornet, and Prescott Holden and William Spooner, violins. Charles I. Coggeshall acted as prompter. The grounds were illuminated by strings of Chinese lanterns. The sum total of the proceeds will no doubt be quite satisfactory.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Sisson and daughter of Providence are visiting his cousin, Miss Etta Sisson, on the Middle road.

Quite a large delegation of Masons and others went to Boston Tuesday to witness the Knight Templar parade.

Mrs. James E. Babcock and her niece, Miss Rodman of Wakefield, are on a visit to Mrs. Babcock's relatives here, she being a daughter of the late Benjamin Tallman.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thomas of New York are spending a few days as guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Roberts, the two ladies being sisters.

Rev. William H. Allen, with his wife and daughter, are at the home of Mrs. Allen's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Greene.

W. Osgood Eddy and family of Middletown, Mass., are guests of his brother-in-law, Isaac B. Macomber, and a niece, Miss Bessie Thompson, is also there from the same place.

The family of Frank L. Fish of Taunton, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Abbott, also of Taunton, Mrs. William C. Chase and Ernest Chase of Providence, are enjoying a vacation at Philip B. Chase's.

Rowland S. Chase is suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism.

Dr. Swartz, secretary of the state board of health, has completed his annual inspection of the summer hotels of the state required by law. He visited thirty hotels at Jamestown, Narragansett Pier, Watch Hill and other places on the coast, and found the sanitary condition generally very good, and will issue certificates to all but three. The trouble with these hotels is in the drainage, which is considered defective. Two of these hotels are at Narragansett Pier and the third at Matunee Beach. Dr. Swartz also inspected the ice, water and milk supplies of the state and found them in good condition.

According to the Commercial Bulletin a simple and inexpensive device has been invented whereby the broken section of a trolley or other live electric wire is made harmless the instant the break occurs.

Happy it were for us all if we bore prosperity as well and wisely as we endure adversity.

DECORATED
Dinner,
Ice Cream
AND
TOILET SETS.

DELFT WARE,
Haviland
CHINA
MATCH BOXES,
Jewel Trays,
Ink Stands
&c., &c.

The following, taken from the editorial columns of the *Hawthorn Star*, indicates a movement for the release of the political prisoners of the new Republic of whom Robert Wilcox, a son of Wm. S. Wilcox, of this city, is one.

The *Star* is a bit surprised and very much gratified over the reception of its views on pardon of political prisoners. There can be no question but what the great bulk of the people are fully in accord with the paper. Farther or greater enlightenment cannot be inflicted upon the offenders. Where, then, is the utility or policy of continuing for any length of time yet the color of indignation of penalty? We do not hope to bush the rabid howlers who keep up the steam of the engines of invective against the Republic to the safety notch.

They will not be attended so long as Sanford B. Dorland and his associates continue at the head of affairs. But any pretext they may have for continuing against the government will be entirely removed by emptying Oahu prison of the inmates whose further detention is useless. The natives now held as felons have received a wholesome lesson. Those more enlightened than the rank and file of Gen. Nowlin's army have had a most bitter experience—one that has increased a lasting memory. As for the former queen now lying quietly under guard in the Executive Building, she would first just as quietly back in Washington Place, her old home.

Dr. Simon Quilley, founder of the B. P. O. E. L. died this week at Rochester, N. Y.

Gerard's simplicity of heart is a healing and cheering philosophy.

The bi-monthly report at the State Institutions in Cranston shows an increase of 23 inmates over the last report. The largest increase at any of the institutions was at the Providence County Jail, there being an increase of 35 during the two weeks past. The State Prison had an increase of six, while the House of Correction decreased 10 and the Sockanosset School for Boys six. The total number of inmates at the State Institutions Aug. 20 was 1914, against 1,885 by the last report. They are classified as follows: House of Correction, 118 men, 78 women, total 196; Asylum for the Insane, 318 men, 307 women, 625; Almshouse, 180 men, 187 women, 367; 19 girls, 311; State Prison, 152 men, 1 woman, 153; Providence County Jail, 275 men, 19 women, 294; Sockanosset School for Boys, 243; Oakland School for Girls, 30. The increase during the past two weeks has been the largest recorded since last March.

The largest and finest cities in the world have discovered that they need a more widely distributed system of parks and are moving to secure them. Brooklyn has just paid \$200,000 for 140 acres at Fort Hamilton and will convert it into a park, with a salt water frontage of 1300 feet.

Massachusetts Cities.

The population of the Massachusetts cities according to the census just taken is given below. These figures are compared with those of 1885. The percentage of gain in each case is also given:

	1885.	1895.	Per Cent.
Boston.....	390,203	421,206	25.59
Worcester.....	52,729	59,687	13.36
Fall River.....	50,870	54,010	6.17
Lowell.....	13,911	15,819	13.79
Cambridge.....	52,686	61,819	17.35
Lynn.....	45,827	52,355	14.25
New Bedford.....	33,321	33,351	.09
Somerville.....	28,911	32,193	11.35
Lawrence.....	24,822	27,183	9.50
Hingham.....	37,723	41,634	10.35
Holyoke.....	27,545	30,149	9.45
Barnstable.....	28,229	31,437	11.37
Brockton.....	50,723	53,767	5.99
Weymouth.....	25,719	31,555	22.73
Haverhill.....	21,226	23,193	9.25
Malden.....	18,467	20,700	12.09
Gloucester.....	21,703	21,623	-.36
Marblehead.....	12,229	12,624	3.23
Taunton.....	28,374	27,624	-.26
Fitchburg.....	13,375	15,331	14.61
Albany.....	14,429	15,317	6.15
Quincy.....	12,112	13,119	8.33
Pittsfield.....	14,425	15,417	6.87
Everett.....	8,625	10,785	24.59
Northampton.....	12,218	13,728	12.35
Chelsea.....	12,121	13,119	8.23
Mattapa.....	10,911	11,357	4.05
Newburyport.....	13,716	14,551	6.11
Medford.....	20,612	21,815	5.83
Woburn.....	11,752	12,624	7.43
Beverly.....	9,736	10,722	10.19

The following towns show a population of over 10,000:

North Adams.....	12,211	12,127
Brookline.....	9,153	10,150
Albany.....	6,101	11,503
Holyoke.....	9,736	11,133
Weymouth.....	8,411	11,629
Weymouth.....	8,411	11,571
Peabody.....	9,736	10,519

Newport Casino.

Morning Concerts on and after July 1, from 11 A. M. to 1.30 P. M.

Casino Theatre.

Musical and Dancing Monday and Friday evenings, beginning Friday, July 5, from 9.30 to 12.30.

Sunday and Wednesday Evening Concerts, from 8 to 10, beginning July 7.

Music by Mullaly's Orchestra.
JOSEPH BARNETT, Supr.

New Advertisements.

INTERNATIONAL Yacht Races.

The Old Dominion Steamship Company's new and superb steamship

JAMESTOWN or YORKTOWN

3,000 TONS, 3,000 HORSE POWER, built of steel, furnished and equipped in the most approved manner, will accompany the yachts in the race for the

AMERICA'S CUP, Saturday, Sept. 7

(or on later date, if day is postponed), starting from pier 20, North River (foot of Beach street), New York, at hour advertised in New York papers.

Sale of tickets limited to 500 (being one-fifth of the number of passengers allowed under the inspector's rules). Tickets, \$5 each, for sale at company's office on the pier.

The steamship JAMESTOWN or YORKTOWN will accompany the yachts to three races.

OLD DOMINION S. S. COMPANY.
Pier 20 North River, New York.
W. L. GUILLAUD, Vice-Prest. & Traffic Mgr.

State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.

(CLERK'S OFFICE, APPELLATE DIVISION OF THE SUPREME COURT, Newport, August 20, 1895.)

NEWPORT, R. I.
WHEREAS, John Greim of Newport, in the County and State aforesaid, has filed a petition in Equity in this court, representing that Philip Dowling of Newport aforesaid, is indebted to the said John Greim, in the sum of seventeen hundred and six dollars and fifty cents (\$1706.50) for materials and labor incurred in the erection of a certain building at said Newport, on land belonging to Theodore A. Haremyer, Henry A. C. Taylor and the Newport County Club, a corporation created by the laws of the State of Rhode Island, at the time of the delivery of said materials, and bounded as follows: Northernly and Westernly, to the Haremyer estate; Southernly, to the Neck avenue; Easternly, on land of the devisees of Robert L. Kennedy, deceased, on land of Mary Augusta King and on Moorland road; and a fence against the premises above described, and of the estate of said Theodore A. Haremyer, Henry A. C. Taylor and the Newport County Club then existing, praying that the same may be enforced according to the provisions of Chapter 17 of the Public Statutes, as is provided by law:

Therefore, notice is hereby given to all persons having a lien, by virtue of said Chapter 17, of the Public Statutes, and of the acts in relation thereto, and in addition thereto, or a mortgage, or an attachment, or any other claim, on all or any part of said property, to appear, if they so desire, at the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, to be held at Newport, within and for said County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1895, and make out their claims against the same.

CHARLES E. HAY, Clerk.

5-24-95

Printed in Golden Green, and Fine Blue Gold Illuminated, and Gold Stopped Handset, on Semi-gloss Paper.

Special Sale on Jelly Tumblers, 33c per dozen.

Our Fall Bulbs will arrive early in September.

Don't purchase until you have seen our assortment.

The Geo. A. Weaver Co.,

13, 21, 23 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

New Advertisements.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage deed, made and executed by Morris Lynch, to the Savings Bank in Newport, bearing date May 26, A. D. 1891, and recorded in Book of Mortgages of Land Records, of Newport, numbered 23 on page 16, &c., and by the said Savings Bank assigned to John G. Lyor, the conditions of which said mortgage have been broken I will sell by public auction on the premises in said Mortgage on A. D. 1895, September 14th, 1895, at 12 o'clock noon, all the right, title and interest which the said Morris Lynch had at the time of the execution of the said mortgage in and to 40 of that parcel of land with a dwelling house thereon, situate on the north side of Prospect Hill street in said Newport, bounded East, on lands of Sarah A. Simpson, South, on Prospect Hill street, and West, on land of W. W. Kubn, containing twenty-four hundred and ninety square feet of ground, more or less. The undersigned hereby gives notice of his intention to bid at said sale.

JOHN G. LYOR,
Assignee of said Mortgage.

PACKING.

WE PACK
FURNITURE, CROCKERY,
BRIC-A-BRAC, PICTURES and
STATUARY.

Only experienced hands employed.
All orders promptly attended to.

We carry a fine line of
Modern and Antique Furniture,
Carpets, Matings and Rugs.

J. W. HORTON & CO.,
42 CHURCH STREET.
J. W. HORTON. F. A. WARD.

D. L. CUMMINGS,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
146 THAMES STREET.

**NEW LINE OF
STICK PINS,
—IN—
AQUAMARINE,
HYACINTH,
Mexican Opals,
Fancy Sapphires,
Brazilian Diamonds,
Moon Stones,
Brazilian Beets,
&c.**

NEWPORT, R. I.

IF not WHY not

TRY THE
Artificial Ice,

IT IS THE
Cheapest and Best

ON THE MARKET,
Sold only by the
NEWPORT ICE CO.,
178 THAMES STREET.

BARGAINS.

Piano Scarfs,

\$3, \$3.50, \$4, \$5, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50.

Piano Stools,

\$3, \$4, \$5, \$6. Some of these are great bargains.

We are showing a large stock of the FINEST PIANOS made. Inspection invited.

James H. Barney, Jr. & Co.,
151 Thames Street.

**Administrator's Sale of
REAL ESTATE AT AUCTION.**

ON THE PREMISES at Adamsville, R. I., on TUESDAY, September 12th, 1895, at 10 o'clock A. M.

The honestest of the late Joseph C. Peckham, situated very pleasantly on the road from Adamsville to the Stone Church, comprising a story and a half cottage house, containing two rooms, bath room, closets and other conveniences and a half acre of land. Terms of payment, \$100 on the day of sale, balance in thirty days, or as the parties may agree.

ALBERT PECKHAM,
5-17-95

Glassware.

Lemonade Sets,

WATER JUGS,

Tumblers,

**CUT GLASS
FINGER BOWLS,**

Vases,

Vinegar Cruets,

Wine Glass,

Wine Sets

Icehouse Burned.
LACONA, N. H., Aug. 23.—The Icehouse of the Boston Ice Company near East Tilton was burned yesterday afternoon.

Boy Killed by Freight Train.
ANDOVER, Conn., Aug. 23.—Edward Kennedy, 14 years old, was instantly killed, while stealing a ride on a freight train.

Case of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes time to prepare. A case of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes time to prepare. A case of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes time to prepare. A case of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes time to prepare.

Headquarter for Summer Goods.

Thames Street,

Covell's Block,

Headquarter for Summer Goods.

IN HUB MARKETS.

Retail Dry Goods Stores Are Well Patronized.

Cotton Goods a Chief Point of Attraction.

No Change in Woollen Trade—Butter Steady and Cheese Firmer—Dealings in Live Stock.

Boston, Aug. 29.—The development of the holiday trade has been retarded by the holiday on Tuesday and the excitement attending the Knights Templar encampment, but the large numbers of people brought to the city will no doubt lead to more business before the close of the week.

Cotton goods continue to be the chief point of attraction. Agents are still marking up prices under the influence of the in creased cost of the raw material, and it is difficult to say where the movement will stop. Production is kept ahead, and jobbers seem to be as anxious as ever to secure supplies.

In woollen goods there is no change to note. Holders are waiting for a start only in September, when it is confidently expected all lines of woollen fabrics will be in better demand. Dress goods from jobbers' hands have met a fair distribution this season.

The butter market is steady, with a fair trade in fine fresh lots of northern creamery. Most of the receivers had fair supplies, and prices ruled at 21 cents for finest Vermont and New Hampshire and 20 cents for western. Under grades remained quiet.

Cheese is a little firmer on fancy northern twins, which sold 8 1/2 to 8 3/4 cents. Large sizes were quiet at 8 to 8 1/2 cents. Country cheese sold at previous prices.

At Union, N. Y., the ruling price is 7 1/2 cents and top 7 1/2 cents for large sizes. Small sizes 8 to 8 1/2 cents.

At Little Falls the market is firm, with a good demand. Sales at 7 1/2 to 8 cents. Make continues very light.

Eggs are firmer and fresh western sold at 14 to 15 cents outside for best Michigan. Fresh eastern 16 to 18 cents.

The Produce Quotations.

BUTTER—A fair trade in creamery, though the market is somewhat quiet. Choice, 24 1/2 to 25 1/2 cents; good, 24 to 24 1/2 cents; fair, 23 1/2 to 24 cents; country, 23 to 23 1/2 cents; small, 22 1/2 to 23 cents; old, 22 to 22 1/2 cents; foreign, 21 to 21 1/2 cents.

EGGS—Fresh western, 14 to 15 cents; fresh eastern, 16 to 18 cents; old, 14 to 15 cents; foreign, 13 to 14 cents.

POULTRY—The market is quiet. No. 1, 10 to 11 cents; No. 2, 9 to 10 cents; No. 3, 8 to 9 cents; No. 4, 7 to 8 cents; No. 5, 6 to 7 cents; No. 6, 5 to 6 cents; No. 7, 4 to 5 cents; No. 8, 3 to 4 cents; No. 9, 2 to 3 cents; No. 10, 1 to 2 cents.

WHEAT—The market is quiet. No. 1, 10 to 11 cents; No. 2, 9 to 10 cents; No. 3, 8 to 9 cents; No. 4, 7 to 8 cents; No. 5, 6 to 7 cents; No. 6, 5 to 6 cents; No. 7, 4 to 5 cents; No. 8, 3 to 4 cents; No. 9, 2 to 3 cents; No. 10, 1 to 2 cents.

BARLEY—The market is quiet. No. 1, 10 to 11 cents; No. 2, 9 to 10 cents; No. 3, 8 to 9 cents; No. 4,